

The Evening World

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COLLECT THE STATE'S DUE.

IN HIS speech at Albany Monday night Judge Seabury put his finger unerringly on one of the worst defects in the State tax system—the ease with which holders of valuable special franchises evade payment of the Franchise Tax.

While the Ford Franchise Tax law removed special franchises from the exempt class, classifying them as land, it has not succeeded in preventing them from wriggling out of reach. "In the absence of statutory definition of the method by which special franchises should be valued," Judge Seabury points out, "a system has grown up which permits and encourages wholesale evasion."

The usual method adopted is the so-called net earnings rule. Under this method operating expenses are deducted. Operating expenses is an elastic term which covers a multitude of sins, "commitments and obligations."

Under this rule, the more wasteful, extravagant and corrupt the management of a public service corporation is, the less tax it is required to pay.

With the aid of skilful bookkeeping and highly paid legal talent corporations in this State evade their taxes to an extent that has become notorious. No city suffers more from such evasion than the City of New York. The Evening World last year presented facts and figures which showed that while real estate carries 82.12 per cent. of the city's tax burden, corporations, public utility and others, have managed to shave down their share to 17.12 per cent.

Judge Seabury would either amend the law so as to define the method by which special franchise taxes shall be levied or adopt some other method of taxation that will so define it.

Here is a candidate for Governor who sees in the administration of the finances of the State of New York responsibilities which he is ready to share. He probes into problems. He proposes practical solutions.

The State needs first of all a Governor who will help collect its full income and keep down extravagance. To taxpayers generally, and to the overburdened taxpayers of this city in particular, it becomes increasingly plain that Judge Seabury is the sort.

The cry is still raised in some quarters that Germany has no right to sink ships in a part of the Atlantic so close to American shores.

This notion is absurd. Three miles from the American coast the Atlantic is a legitimate field for the naval operations of any nation so long as American rights are respected.

The only question that concerns this country is the question whether Germany means to wage the restricted submarine warfare to which she has pledged herself or whether the German Government is nervously itself to declare all pledges off.

Whether merchant ships are sunk fifty miles from Nantucket Light or fifty miles from Barcelona has nothing to do with the only essential point, which is HOW they are sunk—under what conditions and with what provision for the safety of those they carry.

Let's get the issue straight. What we demand of Germany is the scrupulous fulfillment of a pledge. We are not asking belligerents to get off the high seas.

AN INCENTIVE TO CRIME.

THIS is not a place calculated to breed good morals. Meaning New York! The impeachment was made from the bench by a Federal Judge who belongs in Florida but who is sitting here by special assignment in the Criminal Branch of the United States District Court. The unhappily transplanted Judge unburdened himself of the remark while sentencing two men found guilty of conspiring to smuggle jewelry. Then he amplified it:

"The way a man is held up in New York City for taxicab fares and hotel charges, I can hardly blame him for trying to put one over once in a while. If I were in New York for ten years I think I might almost be tempted to beat Uncle Sam myself."

Consider the town has winced. Nevertheless New Yorkers put in a timid plea for credit on the score that despite the awful surroundings so many of them keep straight. What would the worthy Judge have said of New York taxi fares three years ago? If it comes to hotel prices, some of the highest on record are found in Florida—unless Palm Beach and Miami have greatly changed. And as for morals generally, we have all kinds. Visitors have their choice.

Now and then persons charge New York with driving them to drink or crime. But a patient and forgiving spirit is one of the city's virtues.

The welcome Ambassador Gerard got from his fellow citizens was only a fitting recognition of two years' hard work well done through a time of the highest diplomatic tension the world has ever known.

Letters From the People

A Hint to Shoppers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I take the liberty of asking your readers to be patriotic and considerate enough to make all purchases at times other than Columbus Day, Thursday, Oct. 12, as every sale made on a holiday has a strong tendency to prevent the stores from closing on future ones.

Holidays should be for all, and our store employees would soon be permitted to enjoy them if we were more thoughtful in this regard.

It is a shame to see so many stores open on holidays, and it is the fault of the public every time.

CONSIDERATE SHOPPER.
Pensions for Letter Carriers.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Your editorial of recent date urging pensions for post office employees gladdened many weary hearts.

The highest degree of honor is an absolute essential in the make-up of the postal employee, and, when coupled with the very arduous work

exactness of these men, it is none too much to recommend a pension for long and faithful service.

I venture the hope that The Evening World will help secure this boon for those willing and conscientious workers of Uncle Sam's gray, who without complaint from early morning till late at night, hoping that they will be given a fair chance for the enjoyment of a few years in their old age such as is accorded any faithful bond of London. J. A. E.

Sept. 18, New Brunswick.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
When did the trade school at One Hundred and Thirty-eight Street and Fifth Avenue open for registration? O. A. J.

Evening High Schools.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I would like to know if there are any public institutions where one can study for the regents' examinations and get the counts to enter college. A. R.

Evening World Daily Magazine

Doesn't Touch Second

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By J. H. Cassel



The Evolution of the Pen

THE first known implements for recording thought or fact were the calamus or reed pen, and the stylus made of bronze, bone or other material. By the ancient Egyptians, Greeks or Romans the calamus was used for making records on papyrus or parchment. Writing upon tablets of wood or stone covered with wax, they used the stylus—many examples of which have been preserved, those found in 1850 at Hieraculaneum and now in the National Museum at Naples, and to this day reed pens are used in Persia and some other Eastern countries.

From the stylus, which in the East was in general use up to the seventh century, we travel to the quill, the first distinct reference to which is found in the writings of St. Isidore of Seville, the seventh century scholar, historian and inveterate controversialist.

While a metal pen made of finely tempered bronze was undoubtedly in occasional use among the patricians of Rome, its rival and companion, the quill, obtained from the wings of the quail, remained in universal use among Western peoples right up to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The earliest English metallic pens of which there is any record were made in 1780 by Joseph Harrison of Birmingham for the private use of a distinguished physician, Dr. Priestley. Various kinds of gold and steel pens would appear to have been produced spasmodically at intervals during the next twenty years, the method of manufacture and cost of production putting their price beyond the reach of the poorer class.

To Peregrine Williamson of Baltimore is due the distinction of being the originator of metallic pens in America, his patent bearing the date 1810. Joseph Sheldon of Sedgely, England, quickly following him with a steel pen of the barrel shape, said at that a dozen.

Then in 1819 James Perry of Red Lion Square, London, marked the real advance of the hand made pen into general use, his successive improvements in 1830 and again in 1852 bringing the price down to the reach of the masses.

The growth of the industry in the nineteenth century is demonstrated by the fact that while in 1834 steel pens were almost unknown the output for 1865 reached 30,000 gross weekly, and in 1888 160,000 gross, or 22,000,000 pens; while in 1906 the production in England alone had again more than doubled, it being estimated that there are 110,000 different designs of pens on the market.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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The Charge Account.

LOVE smiles on you to-day and cries, "Come! Ask me whatever you will!" To-morrow he greets you with mocking eyes. And calmly hands you the bill!

You murmur, "Oh, anything else but that!" And your heart turns faint with dismay. But Love stands calmly and holds out his hat—And you pay, and pay, and PAY!

Also, many a bachelor's whole life is darkened by a cloud about the size of a wedding ring!

Now that the old maid, like the dinosaur, has become extinct; our papers have succumbed to the "permanent wave," and the average husband keeps his pockets so carefully censored that no wife would waste her time going through them, how are the professional humorists going to earn a living without working for it?

When a girl looks longingly at a man's top-hat the significance of her glance depends entirely on whether or not they are married.

Now that long trains on evening gowns are coming into vogue again many a woman will walk into a ballroom while the man behind her rides as of yore.

Funny, but long after a woman has forgotten the brutal things a man said to her when they parted, she will remember the nice things he said to her when they first met.

For repeating themselves from the first kiss to the last sigh the average man's flirtations have history blushing with envy.

Nowadays most men marry at leisure and repent—in a week or two.

Answers to Common Queries

Why a Ship Floats.

NO ship could stay on top of the water unless that part of it beneath the surface displaced as much water as the ship weighed. If the volume of water so displaced was lighter than the ship, the latter would sink. It is a principle of nature that lighter things pass above those of greater weight.

Why Shivering Makes Us Warm.

SOME might doubt that shivering on a cold day would make one warm, but it is true that the spasmodic quivering of the muscles, called shivering, causes a flow of blood and thereby generates warmth. No one ever shivers until his body is extremely cold. It is a nervous protest on the part of the flesh, due to acute discomfort that has reached the brain and been reacted. But the moment shivering begins the muscles

Why Veins Look Blue.

IT is a peculiar fact that the veins on the hand or other surface portions of the body look blue to the eye, whereas the blood is red. This is because we see the light reflected back to our eyes from this blood through the walls of the veins, which give it a bluish tinge.

Why a Cold Cup "Stings."

PURE ice cream into a cup and the cup and the air around it instantly become cold. Air consists in part of vapor, and when the air is cooled this vapor turns into water. As the centre of coldness is the cup, a good deal of the air in the immediate vicinity gathers on its outside in the shape of water. But as the air contains much more heat than the cup contains cold, the ice cream gradually melts.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell.

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MRS. RANGLE dropped in for a short call and remarked to Mrs. Jarr, "How well you're looking!"

"I'm sure I don't feel well," said Mrs. Jarr, with a sigh. "I've been so nervous since we came back from our automobile tour that I feel sure something is going to happen, and nothing seems to do me any good."

"You should take some of that—I can't think of its name, but it comes in a bottle with a screw top. It's a powder or something of that sort. Mrs. Pettigrew has been taking it and she says it is doing her a world of good."

"There was a brown medicine somebody recommended to me," said Mrs. Jarr, "and I bought a bottle of it and it tasted just like dentifrice. I took it twice, but it didn't do me any good. But I think I would be all right if I got out in the air more, but you know how it is with servants these days! One might as well do the work one's self, for if you take your eye off them a minute they never put a hand to a broom or duster."

"Isn't it terrible!" remarked Mrs. Rangle. "What is this world coming to?"

"And servants want to be running out all the time!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Oh, yes; not satisfied with having every evening out, they want to go out every afternoon. Mine was out last Thursday, and now she wants to go out this afternoon. I told her she could go if she cleaned this house right through and not before, and she's been up since daybreak working good for once."

"I think it's a shame, my dear," said Mrs. Rangle, sympathetically. "You'll get house nerves the way you are kept stuck indoors!"

"What can I do?" asked Mrs. Jarr, disconsolately. "I have to put up with it. If you dare say a word to her maid and don't let her have her way in everything she'll leave you at a minute's notice."

"I think you spoil them by giving in to them that way," remarked Mrs. Rangle. "It was my girl's afternoon out, but I just told her I had to go to downtown on business, because I thought, as it was such a nice day, you might go downtown with me and look at the stores."

"I would so like to go," sighed Mrs. Jarr, "but I went down on my girl's afternoon out last week and the week before, and I believe if I dared ask Gertrude to stay home to-day she'd think she was a martyr! They have

Stories of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces.
By Albert Payson Terhune

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THE MAKING OF A NEW YORKER; by O. Henry.

RAGGLES was a tramp. But he was also something more than a tramp. He was a philosopher and a poet. Not that he ever wrote poetry. Instead, he lived it. He wandered aimlessly from place to place, studying each city and seeking to strike its note and to get its own particular local color.

For example, Pittsburgh made him think of "Othello," played in a staid by a minstrel troupe.

Boston made him feel as if he was drinking cold tea, with a wet white cloth tied about his head.

Chicago seemed to him a mixture of breeze, glittering promises and potato salad.

And so, at last, in his wandering he came to Manhattan Island. It was his first visit to America's greatest city. He had saved the best for the last. He wanted especially to grasp the secret of New York's individuality.

But for the first hour or two this seemed a hopeless task. The bustle, the bustle, the heartlessness of the city smote him. And that was

He stood at last on a corner of Broadway trying hopelessly to solve puzzles, to guess the keynote of the bewildering place. He stared at passersby.

Along came a pink-faced, steel-eyed, white-haired, tailor-modelled gentleman. Then a tall, goddess-like woman, icy and exquisite. Next, a sullenly stalwart, broad-jawed youth, with a cigar stub in his iron mouth-corner.

Raggles noted these three types among the crowd. Then he started to cross the street. And a white automobile hit him, sending his body flying eight feet through space and landed him senseless in the gutter.

Very slowly the injured Raggles recovered consciousness. Before opened his eyes he was aware of a wonderful odor, as of crushed violets. Some one was bathing his muddy brow.

Raggles looked up and saw the beautiful woman he had noticed in a crowd a few minutes earlier. She was kneeling beside him bathing his forehead with her perfumed handkerchiefs. Her primness was heaped as pillow between Raggles's frowny head and the dirt of the sidewalk.

The pink-faced, steel-eyed old gentleman was haranguing the new gathered crowd on the sin of reckless driving and was passing the hat a collection in behalf of the hurt tramp.

From an adjoining bar suddenly appeared the broad-jawed youth, one hand he bore a brimming glass of whiskey. Holding the glass Raggles's eyes lit, the youth said, invitingly:

"Drink this, sport!"

"How do you feel, old man?" asked a white-jacketed ambulance surgeon pushing through the sympathetic crowd.

"Me?" grinned Raggles. "I feel fine."

And he did. He had found thus early the keynote—and the heart—New York.

Three days later in the convalescent ward of the hospital, Raggles upon another non-almost tramp and head almost to death. The tendants had to pry him away by main force from his howling victim.

When order was at last restored, the head nurse undertook to set war correspondent and to find the reason for the strange combat.

"What's this all about?" she sternly demanded.

the victor.

Raggles pointed a scornful thumb at his battered opponent and growled:

"He was runnin' down me town."

"What town?" asked the head nurse, wondering at such a display of civic loyalty.

"Noo York!" promptly replied Raggles.

Just a Wife—Her Diary

Edited by Janet Trevor

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CHAPTER LXXVII.

NOV. 8.—I suddenly realized yesterday that for several days I hadn't seen Jerry, the elevator man, whose wife and sick baby Ned and I befriended. For two or three weeks I went to see Sarah, the baby, and I discontinued my visits because she appeared to be getting on fairly well, and I am terribly afraid of patronizing people who can't resent it. I assumed that if anything went wrong Jerry would tell me.

"He himself may be ill," I concluded, and I asked the superintendent. That worthy said: "Jerry was all right the last I knew. He hasn't shown up to work for four or five days and he needn't bother to come back. We don't allow vacations without notice."

"The poor fellow is ill," I thought, and this morning I hurried up to his tenement, of which, luckily, I had kept the address.

Sarah opened the door. She looked haggard. "Mrs. Houghton," she exclaimed, "I'm so glad you came. Maybe you can tell me what to do. Jerry's gone."

"Do you mean that he is dead?" I asked in amazement.

"No," said Sarah tearfully. "He's gone off with another woman. That was almost a week ago. And he won't come back. Or, if he does, I won't take him back. But, Mrs. Houghton, I've got to take care of my

children. Can't you give me some work?"

Utterly shocked, I followed Sarah into her tidy little sitting room. Moses, the baby, was there, playing quietly in a corner.

"The other two are at school," Sarah explained. "And I can put Moses in a day nursery, if only I can get work to do every day in the week. There is one woman for whom I do washing, but I must find more work. Jerry left the children to starve, but I'll keep them from that."

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"And are you sure Jerry has deserted you?" said Sarah.

"I'm sure," said Sarah. "He showed me a piece of paper, a printed one, straggling capitals. 'Sarah! I'm gone' with ROMA, written in red ink, and the kids left me."

"There's some sewing," I told the brave creature. "Go on home and send me some blouses to make. I'll give you an advance payment. I'll find some other work for you, too."

A reason may serve as an excuse, but an excuse may not always serve as a reason.—JOHN MARCH.

no consideration for any one."

"I tell you you are spoiling your maid. She'll only take advantage of it," said Mrs. Rangle.

"I know she will, but I am so good-natured they all impose on me," sighed Mrs. Jarr. "They always have a good excuse. I think she thought I wanted to put my nose out of the door to-day; she knows I'm not well and am killing myself doing the work she's paid to do, so she comes to me yesterday pretending she is crying, and said her little girl she was very fond of was ill and she would like to go away to-day, and of course I said, 'Oh, very well!' How can people be so deceitful and tell an untruth? I'd have told her it was her afternoon out and she was at perfect liberty to go, without her going to that excuse," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, you are very ally to be impatient!" snapped Mrs. Rangle.

"What can I do?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "As I would soon to say things that were not true to others, of course I'm not supposed to know when I'm being told what isn't true."

"Well, you just put on your things and come downtown with me," said Mrs. Rangle. "If for nothing else, Gertrude to stay home to-day she'd think she was a martyr! They have

her you have to go out yourself."

"How can I?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"You can say some one is ill at you must go," suggested Mrs. Rangle.

"The very thing!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I can say you came for me."

And thus Mrs. Rangle and Mrs. Jarr escaped together. All the way downtown they continued complaining each other what they endured the hands of selfish servant girls.

To-day's Anniversary.

THIS is the centenary of two almost forgotten American authors—Richard Burleigh King and Henry Howe. Kingball born in New Hampshire on Oct. 11, 1816, graduated from Dartmouth College in 1834, and then travelled extensively in Europe. His literary works, which enjoyed a wide popularity in his lifetime, include "The Reminiscences of an Old Man," "St. Ledger, or The Threads of Life," "Promises of Student Life Abroad," "Cuba and the Cubans" and "Letters From England."

Henry Howe was chiefly noted for his historical works, which had a considerable value to students of the early history of the United States. He was born in New Haven on Oct. 11, 1816.